

# Drag On, Feel My Pain

[VERSE ONE]

As I sit an position myself  
am I cocky coz I only play my shit and listen to myself  
or am I striving for perfection? answer that  
ah fuck it I cocky and I about to perfect rap NIGGA!  
and I roam these streets  
thats why my songs is deeper than death itself  
I went from no food in the fridge to a platter on my shelf and I watch it  
and y'all ain't gotta give me that but keep ya hand out my pocket HATERS!  
coz you makin me nervous it ain't worth it  
we don't want no accident when I flip on purpose  
coz we don't seen so many tradgeties done  
September 11th, 2001 REMEMBER  
like how could I forget I lost my man pop in that shit  
help me get a grip  
I think I'm losing it doo  
because between life an death I be confusing the two

[HOOK]

And sometimes I don't give a fuck if I live or die  
but I think if I don't give a fuck about myself who else will I'm stressin

[VERSE TWO]

guess I was raised the wrong way  
thats why I walk around with the long eighth  
and dun shed so many tears I have none left  
sometimes I sat and prayed for death  
I feel like its 11:45 a quarter to 12  
15 minutes to my days is over thats why its hard to stay soba  
so I drink in the rain and smoke in the sun  
and create my own clouds not have'n to think of the pain  
sometimes I think I'm going insane  
I get mad and shout God's name in vain  
fogive me for my sins he got me laughin again  
he got me back rappin again now help me choose my friends  
my gats the closest one to me  
but if my gun could take the stand and tell  
ill be doin life in jail  
like judge he made me do it  
it ain't the gun its the nigga behind it that shoot it, thats ruthless

[HOOK]

you see alot of niggaz don't want drag to shine  
instead they wanna see drag locked up like my nigga Shyne  
so you know what they try to do, leave a nigga behind  
You know what it is, they envy me  
motherfuckin niggaz held me back for 3 fuckin years  
and motherfuckin niggaz left me for dead  
hopin that the world would forget but you know what?  
they didnt forget, they bought me back  
and now I'm in the greatest shape of my life  
so now I'm on some shit like fuck yall  
all I give a fuck about is my niggaz and my niggaz only  
I'm on some shit like..

[VERSE THREE]

yall can suck these off  
coz I don't need y'all to succeed y'all NIGGA  
I know you like my word play early  
like nelly got country grammar like er day  
I can go cold and still sell out shows  
and make enough dough to get your feet choppin not about your toes??  
for commin at me half steppin  
talkin like gangsta shit and ain't have no weapon NIGGA

ah I got the best flow I be the best in the bronx  
coz I don't walk through the swamps  
strivin through the alleys of death  
recognize my destiny in life  
even if it takes my last breath NIGGA  
I walk in places where it couldve been my last step  
but god got me out of it  
I love him and I'm proud of it  
now can you feel my pain  
see what I see walk in my shoes an still gon' keep sane NIGGA